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The Spirit of Walt Whitman.

BY

L. CONRAD HARTLEY.



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Yours sincerely,
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2. July. 1918.

THE
SPIRIT
OF
WALT WHITMAN.

(A PSYCHOLOGICAL STUDY IN BLANK VERSE.)

BY
L. CONRAD HARTLEY.

(*Author of "Wind-seekers in Hebridean Seas."*)

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TO MY WIFE.

(Before whom the Book pleads) :—

In the Garden of Books
By the side of thy Chair,
Is there room for ONE other ?
It were meet that this picture of Love the Annealer
Should be near thy Chair,
For thou Showerest thy Love
Through a Life of Effacement of Self, so Unconscious.

'Twere unkind to thy Arnolds, and Lowell, and Henley,
Thy Stevenson, Brownings, thy Harrison, Thoreau,
Thy Ruskin, and Lamb, and thy Books for the Children,
To ask ONE to move,
But I want to come There,
By the side of thy Chair.
Where Love is the Sunshine ; Contentment, the Gardener ;
Thy Fingers, the Breezes that lovingly, tenderly
Play with my Leaves ; I am sure to be Happy.

And I promise This to thee—
At Night when the Marlocks of Books are the Maddest,
When Shadows are Dancing, and Fire-light is Dying,—
If I join in the Frolic—I'll be a Good Book.

And last to commend me—
It may not seem much, but to me may be vital—
I'm Small. So, please take me ;
I won't need much room
By the side of thy Chair.

Love at its highest point—love sublime, unique, invincible—leads us straight to the brink of the great abyss, for it speaks to us directly of the infinite end of eternity. It is eminently religious : it may even become religion.

Amiel.

Master of masters,
O maker of heroes,
Thunder the brave,
Irresistible message :—
“ Life is worth Living
Through every grain of it,
From the foundations
To the last edge
Of the cornerstone, death.”

W. E. Henley.

This is what you shall do : Love the earth and the sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and the crazy, devote your income and labour to others, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence toward the people,

It is that something in the Soul which says, Rage on, whirl on, I tread master here and everywhere—Master of the spasms of the sky and the shatter of the sea, Master of nature and passion and death, and of all terror and all pain.

Only the soul is of itself . . . all else has reference to what ensues. All that a person does or thinks is of consequence.

*Preface to Original Edition “ Leaves of Grass,”
published in 1855.*

INTRODUCTION.



Man is the great Poem. All hidden Things are revealed to Man in proportion as he loves Humanity. Without that Love, Man proves himself a tyro in any field of research that he enters; to experience, to adventure, to seek, even to live without Love as the great annealer and reconciler is but to prove the poverties of Life.

Close study of Walt Whitman and his writings convinces me that the motive force behind all his endeavours and works was a great Love. Indebted, as I am, to Mr. H. B. Binns for his beautiful interpretation of the mysticism of Whitman—to Wm. Clarke for his excellent monograph, and to Mr. Horace Traubel for his pictures of the lovable petulance of the old poet—I yet feel that all the beautiful, in the attitude of these critics towards Whitman, is called into being by the simplicity and grandeur of his Love, which overwhelms students of the “Leaves of Grass,”—a Love that shielded Whitman, yet ever went out to his fellows.

It were not difficult to construct a metaphysic from his Poem, to talk of his Art, Politics, and Religious Creed, but with these, as such, I have no concern. In him everything was subordinated to Love, and if Men did not add to the wealth of human Love by their Lives, Works, and Literatures, they, in his eyes, were not fulfilling the highest Mission of Man. Therefore, possessed, as it were, by the dominant note in Whitman's Life-Poem or Life-Drama, I have studied, perforce, the Life of his Soul and its relation to the Spirit—or Oversoul, to use Emerson's word—that gives and receives. *God* (a word Whitman rarely used), was to him the Conscious Spirit—the ever-controlling influence—that permeates the Souls of Men, and the ceaseless births, deaths and miracles in Nature. The Cosmic glories—reflected equally from the greatest signs and the least details—thrilled him and filled him with a wonderful delight, and all Things contributed to that scheme which in its perfection is related to the Soul of Man.

His emotions were so intense as to mark him, as it were, as the Incarnation of all the human Sympathy poured out as soothing and healing waters on the sufferers in the World. This burning Love saved him in times of temptation, for, brave and faithful as he was, he had doubts, and descended into the pit. His temptations were real enough, but the Soul was victorious in virtue of his great Love which, reconciling all those material and abstract Things that conspired against his peace, transformed them into willing servants.

I dwell, therefore, in the verses now issued, upon the note of Victory—the Victory of Love. By Love he was taught to welcome Death as the great liberating influence—the introducer to a larger Life. His absorbing Love was all-sufficient, for it embraced his Spiritual Creed, and his unbounded Faith in Men and Things, and the Purpose for which all Things were created.

ROMILEY,

1ST DECEMBER, 1908.

The Spirit of Walt Whitman.



PROLOGUE.

"Arma virumque cano," Virgil wrote ;
Arms and a man sing I, and with a will ;
The armour of the light of Truth and Love,
The Man and Universal Spirit—One—
Incarnate in the seer of Paumanok.
You ask me why ? I answer now ; 'tis here !
These thoughts I write because I love the man
Who went into the Heart of Things, feared naught.

Our Prophets.

Prophet was he and suffered for his words ;
We hurt our prophets, stones are thrown at some ;
Imprisonments and burnings be their lot,
And one—the greatest—HE was crucified.
Alike he silenced the voice that cries
Through error's night, and whispered cautions that,
By stealth in lightsome and forgetful days,
Assail the heart and point to things undone.

The Soul insists.

Disquiet waited on the lonely youth ;
The Soul—that real Self—would interrupt
His inmost thoughts, what time the poet's brain
Busied with work or play. By island shore
The long-drawn sound from surf beats with his heart ;
Or quiet seas, in broken lines, reflect
His visions ; or the wheeling angry bird,
O'er sandy reach, to his declaiming arms
Shrieks challenges ; or spellbound, by the Seas
Whereon was launched that frail barque—his Soul,—
He dreamed adventure to Eternity,
That anchorage of living Death or Life.

The Soul, unknown to him, receives counsel.

In reverie, below that hawk-nosed Hicks—
 The Indian-visaged heretic, outlawed
 Because, God-drunk as Spinoza, he saw
 Invisibles—the youth, illuminate
 By mystic counsel, early learns the sense
 Of worthiness, implanting in his heart
 A glorious hope. The Soul, unknown to him,
 Divines that knowledge of the immanence
 Of God, which sounds the keynote for his Life.
 Enwrapt in boyish dreams that give a charm
 To life,—dreams ever unfulfilled, always
 Ahead, he wanders through the pregnant mists
 Of old-time Poetry and Prophecy,
 Where, as to Ossian, men walked as gods.

He seeks Love, and gives Love.

His eyes are through the sordid wildnesses
 Of city life,—its falsities,— the grim
 Uncleaness of the worst of men. His glance
 Accepts the challenge from the passer-by ;
 He answers all appeals ;—the woman's eye,
 The drunkard's nod, the tramway-man's salute ;
 The satchell'd child lifts up her eyes to meet
 The downward shafts that slant as lovingly
 Towards her frail and supplicating form.
 The meanest duties well performed ; ever
 His loving face to those who needed him,
 A heart wide open to the plaintive cry
 From those who fell beneath the mail-clad power
 That stalked resistlessly across the land,
 Hoarded its silver, spread abroad its ill—
 Its ill that dealt dismay and misery—
 For dollars were worth more than many souls.

Having Faith, he seeks its Evidences.

By conjuration, while in Broadway whirl
 Immersed in thought, he calls on Men and Things

To witness to his holy plan of Life ;
 The flowing water and the hurrying hoofs,
 The thronging lives that speed along the streets,
 Contribute to his scheme. That higher world,
 Wherein he dwells as Comrade of his Soul,
 Is evidence of purposes sublime,
 Of states ideal. He is now convinced,
 And fully sure at heart, that God will soon
 Disclose Himself, and give His servant light ;
 Fearless and undisturbed, responsive, free,
 Firmly resolved that some Divine intent
 Drives all creation's wheels.

The Soul whispers the World is his to use.

Speeds rapidly

His Life, yet nothing but is register'd ;
 Absorbent, through the veil mysterious
 He circles with his eyes the whole surround ;
 The simplest incidents are full of Truth.
 " There is no act in life, howe'er remote
 " Be thy pursuit, that may not add some ray
 " Of glory to thyself. The world is thine
 " To use, 'tis given to thee for thy employ,"
 Thus does the Voice within dictate to him ;
 And he, assured that Life means Victory
 If well directed and sustained, resolves
 That this great gift from God shall so be used
 As to be kept in its integrity.

He knows that for his Soul he must endure
 Great mental anguish, be bowed down beneath
 Reproof ; but still the windows of the Soul
 Must not be tarnished by unworthy thoughts.

**He discovers a greater Self and its
 Correspondences.**

He travels and, awakened, finds a World
 Far greater than he dreamed ; he corresponds

With those vast reaches that unfold and grow
 Before his mazéd eyes. Discoveries
 Are made in inmost Self, and on the fair
 Unrolléd textures are designs present
 To him, as lovely as bewildering.
 In mental vagabondage he pursues
 The lines of thought, which outwards radiate,
 To that circumference that seems to bound
 His natural world. Far as the eyes may reach
 O'er yonder waving plain, until they rest
 On some far shining peak, he throws himself,
 He is an entity, a living force,
 Distributor, for good or ill, of acts
 Deliberate, that going out from Self
 May mark him as improvident, or wise.

The Revelation of a Woman's Love.

Further, a world of human Love exists
 That else had never been perceived. Has come
 To him a Woman's Love, deep as the sea
 Unfathoméd, or that black chasm of doubt
 On which men gaze with fear ; high as the Soul
 Of man aspires ; a Woman's love that brings
 A Heaven to Earth, and gives the Soul such play,
 Among these mundane things, that God is seen
 In everything—for God is Love.

The mystic seeds of Love are sown.

Away

To city toil again from warm and rich
 Scent-laden South, but now so purposeful,
 That all shall be resolved. Behind that face,
 Reliant, true, presenting just the same
 Affront ; behind that veil, behind excuse,
 Behind all Seen the great Unseen—the Soul
 Of Man, and in that Soul, a thankfulness

Intense that, born of mystic thoughts of Love,
 Shall soon ring out its loud *magnificat*,
 Its pæan strong, in no uncertain voice.

The Welcome to Affirmatives.

Well come ! all forms of knowledge and of Truth !
 Well come ! all signs and indices of growth !
 All resolutives and affirmatives,
 By which men may be raised above themselves !
 Well come ! The Truth that rips the bandages
 From creeds apologetic that, inert
 And heartless, haunt men like some incubus !
 Well come ! all songs inspiriting that find
 The inmost Soul ! A traitor to his kind
 If he omit to celebrate these Things.
 Beyond his welcome, in the outer dark,
 All the suspended gnashings that result
 From atheisms, proud, yet cowardly,
 And those fermented hatreds of the Truth.

Love reconciles all Things Abstract.

He reads the words of wisdom, loud pronounced,
 That speak of Unity, and excellence,
 Of duties, service, and all tangibles.
 All Creeds, Religions, and Philosophies ;
 The Sciences of men, that only prove
 How little they all know ; nay, e'en the Songs
 Of men, also, are reconciled by Love
 Within that subtle self where pulsed a heart
 That would embrace a weary, waiting World.

His Scheme takes a shape.

Free from insinuation shall be writ
 His Canticle. The temples of the Mind
 May be as pure as the unfettered Soul ;
 All functions of appointed members be
 As holy as the heart, if so thou wilt.

The Spirit-Voices whisper of Integrities and Reciprocations.

The voices whisper to him :—

“ Go thou ! Sing

“ Of Things Eternal, of the struggling Soul,
 “ Also the cloak corruptible with which
 “ It is adorned ! No act but to the Soul
 “ Relates ; thou mayest be pure in all thy deeds.
 “ Let passion be subordinate to will
 “ Itself obedient to the Spirit, else
 “ Nobility be lost and grossness reign.
 “ Let those who lead in spirit re-unite
 “ The Body and the Soul, and let there be
 “ No rehabilitation that shall give
 “ A license to the fleshly cloak—no frank
 “ For passion that it may usurp the throne
 “ Where sits the Spirit, lord o’er all thy deeds ;
 “ But the fulfilment of a pure design
 “ Wherein reciprocations shall reveal
 “ The Soul and Body indivisible.
 “ The face will show thy heart’s desires ; ’tis thine
 “ To advertise the growth and promises
 “ Of this fair universe ; to prosecute
 “ Thyself ; to illustrate how good a thing
 “ Is Life—how much is in thy power to do.”

A Demon possesses him and he is re-vitalized.

Some subtle fluid, from the Eternal Soul,
 Now quickened and invigorated him ;
 And as the buds unfold when sap be stirred,
 So turned he towards the centre of all Life.
 He is at one with all who live and die ;
 Emotions vast surge through him ; mysteries
 Course through his nerves and veins ; no more his own,
 But now a symbol of that God-made whole,
 An actor in that huge eternal play.
 His part beginning, much to learn, undo ;

Forget, and give ; to live for, and to gain.
 A Demon has possessed him, and the World
 Is trembling and alive with miracles ;
 Identity not lost but widenéd ;
 Prepared for further revelations ; now
 At harmony with sacred processes ;
 Receptive, he awaits the time.

He is touched by the *Spirita Sancta*.

There comes
 No heavy stroke as blasts one's theories
 And scars the Soul of Man for aye. Touched by
 The loving finger of Almighty God—
 Soft as the shadows of the lengthened trees
 That lie athwart the quivering earth and soothe
 Her heated forms—he, conscious to the full,
 Answers at once the Spirit's influence.
 He tells how, with the warmth from glorious sun,
 There came one summer morn this wondrous Breath
 Upon his Soul ; his highest Self awake,
 The summons came ; the Spirit from above—
 The God of All—stooped down and spake to him ;
 And he, the boon companion, loving friend,
 Of all who live, and die to live again,
 Relates :—

He speaks in his own words.

*" Swiftly arose and spread around me the peace and knowledge
 that pass all argument of the Earth.
 " And I know that the hand of God is the promise of my own,
 " And I know that the Spirit of God is the brother of my own,
 " And that all men ever born are also my brothers, and the
 women are my sisters and lovers. . . . "*

He advances into a Larger Life.

A greater Faith o'erpowers him, and the voids
 Are filled ; Love's services are paramount,
 Must be committed to his daily life,

As well as eikons worshipped secretly.
 His Faith becomes a saner, holier shield ;
 Mere abnegation far too cold intent,
 For, in his Soul, a constant burning, full
 Of purpose, of the gifts—an altar raised
 Unto the God of Love, and on it laid
 Himself, a positive, and infinite,
 Creative sacrifice.

**He sacrifices himself on the Altar of Love, which
 is the Altar of the Spirit.**

The vestal lights

A-trim, he is consumed ; from ashes cold
 There is invoked a purer, stronger Man,
 Equipped, and girt, and ready to enlist
 For enterprise Divine.

His Love is real, and is freely given to others.

(In later life

He carried sunshine onto shadowed beds,
 Where weary eyes awaited flowers that spoke
 Of Arcadies ; and, with a woman's hand,
 Compassionate, administered to those
 Who needed him. His cheerful bearing roused
 The stricken ones to deeper thankfulness.
 At night, when all was still, he sought relief
 Beneath that sweet, benignant canopy ;
 While trembling stars looked down on him and spake
 Him peace. Of cooling Life he drank deep draughts
 From the eternal renovator's fount,
 And heard the quiet promises ; for War,
 That bloody thing, has lessons for each one,
 Symbolic is, of Flesh and Soul ; and thou,
 Perchance, unwilling to pick up the glove,
 Thereby neglectful of the meanest debts,
 Dost stultify that best and noblest Self.)

He marvels at the wonderful Gift—Life.

The Voice, that restless Monitor, suggests
 That Life is ever powerful for good ;
 Is full of promises that e'en may bridge
 Across the awful space that separates
 (For so it seems) the Life of Man from God ;
 Refers him to the star-lit arch o'er head,
 As beautiful as any rainbow sign,
 Remindful of the span of Life, the seen
 And unseen halves, of correspondences,
 Fulfilments, and integrities. Mindful,
 The ultimates impress him ; what of Life ?
 Its purpose, its design, its influence ?
 And, quick as thought, emotions, far ahead,
 With lightning speed flash round about the World,
 E'en piercing into stellar depths, to find
 The reason for this priceless gift to him.

He calls to others to sacrifice themselves.

Incessantly he calls to Men, and pleads
 For the employ of all that makes them Men
 To add unto the glory of their kind,
 To help and save those fallen by the way,
 To sacrifice themselves, for that is Love ;
 The mysticism pure and undefiled.
 Rejected are accepted creeds ; they serve
 For some, but not for him.

He exhorts Men to Love, for there is Life and Light.

Aside the veils
 Are drawn, he stands in flooding light—" My friend,
 " Thy heart is young—behold ! A Love for Man
 " Will ever keep it young till thou give up
 " Thy frame ; a child-like heart is what thou need'st !
 " Dream as thou wilt of wondrous lights and sights,
 " Of Heavens and miracles—all these are true

"If so thou wilt! All these are thine if so
 "Thou wilt! Thy heaven is here, thy duties here;
 "Thy Soul akin to Him who gave thee all,
 "Possesses all, save thine own will—and pleads
 "For that."

**He sees the Brotherhood of Men ; and sings of
 their Power and Glory.**

O! wondrous Faith, if this his Faith!
 A glorious, loving brotherhood of Man,
 At harmony with God and all his works!
 If thus his deepest needs be ratified—
 His bonds so sure that bind him to his kind,
 His bonds so sure that bind him to his God—
 Why not pronounce unfalteringly the Word
 Of Life, and strike the chord that, echoing
 Along the years in diapason rich,
 Shall drown the vibrant shrieks from all profane,
 Unfocussed lives? He oversees all men;
 Humanity his empire, he will sing
 His Song. His deep disclosures are for thee,
 For me; thy Power he sings, thy Life he sings,
 The Glories of thy World, thy Thoughts, thy Life.
 Nor boastful to his hurt in this, his pride,
 For he was deeply conscious in his prayer
 That God who gave him Life—the privilege—
 Should keep him from a pride that might do harm,
 And hold him in a safe humility.
 Thus the new song—and yet not new, for what
 Is true is old, in the beginning was—
 Yet ever new when wisely understood—
 Thus the new song that dominant for aye
 Shall key his Life; this deep far sounding note
 Shall echo from the listening roof of Heaven—
 "Go! love thy neighbour as thyself! And thou
 "Shalt find a veritable Heaven on Earth."

He speaks of Truth.

O Man ! thou fool ! As though a lettered creed
 Confined all Truth, could measure out or weigh
 A Soul ! Nay, Alpha unto Omega
 Were powerless to restrain a Spirit that
 Would free itself from earthly bondages.
 For him no text, as cut in letters cold,
 Embossed by steel-like pressure on the mind
 Of Man ; to him the message came direct.
 " There is a Fellowship of Souls," he cries,
 " Their Laws are those of Liberty and Love."

Rooted in Love, his Faith becomes larger and firmer.

His joy is pure, his shining words reflect
 The wonders of his universe ; his dreams
 Are Life : miraculous appearances
 Are constantly attendant, wait on him.
 There comes to him that glorious, perfect Faith
 Derived from sense of common heritage
 And travel, not the ghost-like perfectness
 That glides so haughtily through waking dreams.
 His is the Faith derived from sympathy,
 From consciousness of weakness, which, o'ercome,
 Men see themselves aright and raise themselves.
 The loving touch of shoulders in the street,
 The unspoken message from the flashing eye,
 The firm pronouncement from the myriad feet
 Of men who go about their daily tasks,
 Instinct with hopes and latent heroisms ;—
 All symbolize a Unity, and go
 Towards the building of that higher Self
 Whose dream-like spires reach to the infinite
 Above this World where dwells humanity.

Parenthetic Appreciation of the Growth of Whitman.

(O thou ! the lover of things beautiful !
 The finder of the promises enclosed,

Of order in the most disorderly !
 Singer of Man and his environments !
 Coincidences follow all thy thoughts.
 An alchemist art thou, transmuting dross
 To shining gold by means of thy great heart,
 Which, with religious fervour, burns, white-heat.
 There are no arid wastes in thy economy ;
 The homeliest needs and acts are orderly
 And truthful, and at thy command are clothed
 With grace. The loveliest forms arise where'er
 Thou walk'st ; these are not dreams but Life God-given ;
 And in this wise all are re-dedicate).

He calls to Men to triumph in Love.

" Come, brothers ! scattered peoples of this earth !
 " All ye whose office 'tis to sing and live
 " The praises of the Spirit that presides !
 " Let us acclaim Him as our finisher,
 " Our goal ! The Soul doth know its own, its trend,
 " And, though words fail, by reason of that thread
 " Of loving thought which stretches from this Earth
 " To Him above, suspires. We may not know,
 " We have no voice, in His supreme concerns ;
 " We simply feel the Truth subsists between
 " Ourselves and that controlling influence.
 " Ours, then, to join in a triumphant Life
 " Of deeds and gifts, of services to those
 " Who live with us on earth ; of loving works
 " That, born of thought towards fellow travellers
 " In this our world, shall mark us as relate
 " To Him who o'er us rules in providence.

He acknowledges the Unity of Man with Nature.

" O Mother and Eternal Comforter !
 " How often are our knees impressed on thee !
 " O Mother Earth ! thou answerest all our hopes,
 " Desires or fears ; alike the quaking rocks

" In everlasting hills, and shivering leaves,
 " Reflect our various, fearful moods ; we know,
 " If music come not to us, ours the blame ;
 " If loveliness desert us, and our hearts
 " Become as hard and unresponsive as
 " Archæan rock, our fault, not thine ; if Love
 " Supreme—like calls to like—the broken veils
 " Are thrust aside, we find ourselves, and live
 " Not merely now and here, but everywhere ;
 " Identified with Spirits of the past,
 " By bands of sympathetic witnesses
 " We are encouraged, while light wingéd hope
 " With haste electric, spurs us to the mark.
 " Nor thought, nor word, nor deed, howe'er remote,
 " That is not ours ; inert we cannot be ;
 " We live, impart, enclose, and are enclosed."

Those that have Ears can Hear his Words.

He sings of attitudes, of liberties,
 Of speech, of sacred possibilities,
 Imprisonments of mind, and attributes.
 Not his the hurled anathema
 That by sheer force can stun a brother-man ;
 The satire goading Men into revolt,
 Not his ; nor such excesses as can give
 To counter-irritants a poisonous power.
 He speaks in loving words of linkéd Souls
 All Flesh enwrapped—but free as air and light
 If so Man will decide—at harmony
 With him ; and thus is good, pyramidal,
 Built up, firm, indestructible. Of such
 The Spirit's way ; we know not when we build.

Man's Soul lies at the Heart of Things.

All forces are his ministers ; the stars
 Attend him in his many journeyings.
 The Soul of Man—His Soul, or thine—lies at

The heart of all this dread conspiracy :
 The sanest, holiest Things move him-towards,
 Vast indirections whirl around him, touch
 Him gently, and it were as if the hand
 Of God reached down and pressed the nether air.
 But Life or Life ? Life is not Life unless
 Revealed by Love. He calls for Love from Man
 To Man—Love liberal as the air we breathe.
 Let holy cords of Comradeship bind up
 The World. The strands will touch and messages
 Speed up and down : the Jihad is declared—
 The Holy War against the severance
 Of Man from Man.

He sings of a Soul, all-powerful.

“ O Sing the Unity !

“ Coincidence of these great gifts to Man !
 “ And let Men search themselves, and realize
 “ That they partake in the supreme design
 “ Of Him who placed the million worlds in space.
 “ Mirrored in myriad moods, dost thou exist ;
 “ Nature assists thee, looks thee in the face ;
 “ There is a Soul alive within thy frame,
 “ And, Comrade, if thou wilt, thou may'st rejoice
 “ In manifold potentialities.”

Thou art Significant !

Yet, while he masses Men and loves them, bids
 Them stand with ready hands, he singles out
 Each Soul, and says, “ Thou art significant
 “ Of all this plan—the Universal ME !
 “ And thine it is to keep the Covenant,
 “ If so thou wilt.” Each unit in this mass
 Possesses all, inherits all the World.
 He tells of powers Divine, convergences
 To each and all. “ Unerringly towards thee
 “ Come all past history, events, and thoughts
 “ To mould thee, shape thee, and determine thee ;

" Into the future from thy Life goes forth
 " An effluence that will live."

The Building and Inspiring of Character.

To him is come,

And so to thee, if open be thy heart,
 The work of poet, philosopher, and priest.
 The Past has served him—to his building up
 Have gone all science, history, essay—
 Has made him what he is, will go towards
 The making or the marring of himself.
 Nor thankless he for inspirations drawn
 From lettered pages and traditionals ;
 Nor thankless to the mighty linked minds
 That call to one another—span the gulf
 Of centuries—that hand on Truth from peak
 To peak, and tell of pastures for the Soul.

Thou art involved !

Comrade! all these are thine, and thou, in turn,
 Most powerful in thy day, must take away
 Or add, of good or ill ; involved must be
 With that great force behind all Things ; escape,
 Avoid participation, thou canst not.

He sees into the very heart of Things ;
 Singing a Faith in Self, in time to come
 He will have audience. He has Faith in Men :
 True to, and strong in, his indentivity :
 Sure that through all Faiths realized has run
 A cleansing fire, he speaks again.

He speaks a Faith in Men and Self.

" All may

" Be turned to good, my friend, if so thou wilt ;
 " Take heart, for I am by thy side. I will
 " Be near thee as thou read'st, and thou shalt feel
 " The promptings, for the Spirit lives for aye ;

" Be thou, also, a witness for the Truth,
 " And play thy part of loving-kindness, while
 " Thou, conscious or unconscious, dost enclose
 " A universe. Friend ! ponder o'er my words !
 " The World is full of unseen witnesses ;
 " Thou art surrounded by the Souls of all
 " Who in the past have shared this Life on Earth—
 " Of all who, working out the scheme in Life
 " Before thee, stood reluctant or aghast,
 " Or pledged the pleasures of this generous World,
 " Or made a sacrifice of Life and lived.

He tells of the indestructible Links.

" Dissolve those links, thou can'st not, nor has Death
 " The power to break those bonds ; thou, as thou art,
 " Shalt bear upon the larger, future time ;
 " And Death, as I, thy friend, now search for thee,
 " And find thee (hold thee by this page)—shall bring
 " Thee new Companionships."

The Inevitable and Intense morality of Love.

He rules by Laws

Of Love, self-made, determinate in Self ;
 He lives within his Eden, not without,
 Yet often ventures past the flaming swords
 And forth into the World in mail of Love ;
 He fights for right in virtue of his Love ;
 He craves the Love of Men. The World is full
 Of trembling and expectant loving Things ;
 Of waiting Souls that only need the word
 To waken them from that unholy sleep
 Towards which they ever tend when clang and din
 Have closed their ears to heavenly sounds. Crowded
 Responses fill the voids ; the Answerers—
 Confirmers of the Truth that he has gained—
 Choir in array invisible, the while
 The prophet's Soul vibrates in unison
 With that great power presiding over all.

We are the Envoys of the Spirit of the Universe.

With all who suffer he endures ; Life now
 A greater wonder ; while the seething World
 With all its purposes, designs, is his ;
 God-given are all his friends, and these are they—
 The travellers, who march along the roads
 And make inevitable progress towards
 Eternities, where waits the Lord of all,
 Expectant of the envoys whom he sent
 To sojourn on this lovely Earth of theirs—
 Playing, as thou, the drama of a Life,
 And noting, feeling, every impulse, thought,
 Desire, and indirection. Facing us,
 His wondrous personality ; his Soul
 Laid bare, and ever busied with his theme
 Identity.

**He is baffled, and sorely tried ; Unrest possesses
 him ; he is mocked by Ahrimanes.**

Nor he so powerful
 That Error fled before him shamefully—
 A Man so whole and self-contained that doubt
 Beneath his piercing glance could never come.
 In him, in thee, as in myself, the Soul
 Was ever warring with its veteran foe.
 The Devil, lurking under every stone
 And page, laughed at him, mocked that higher Self
 Whose thoughts were best ; surrounded him with murk—
 A moving darkness—as that gruesome thing,
 That squirts its venom in translucent sea,
 Discolours and obscures, till e'en itself
 Be lost. So this dark *alter ego* found
 Him out, and in his holiest prayerful days
 Pursued him, jeered at his intent. At such
 A time Unrest came to him—hollow-eyed,
 Sat by his side—and drawing close her robes
 Of sable would await her chance ; until

By failure in her direful quest she called
For others to her aid.

He is Tempted by Things Abstract and Material.

And now those Things
That please Men most made proffer of themselves.
Disguised were they, almost malformed to him
Whose eyes were weary, and whose heart was sore
Distressed and torn by dreadful inward strife ;
And each her quota offered, saying, " Come,
" And I will serve thee and suffice for thee !
" Cease thou the lonely vigil and love me !
" Forget the travail of the World ! "

Wealth's Poverty of Resource.

First, Wealth ;
But she is thrust aside instinctively ;
To him material riches are as naught.
She never could deceive him, for such power
As she can give is doubtful, at the best ;
Haunted, men crave for Wealth, and, later, curse
Her for her earthly tendencies ; from Earth
She comes—and, natural, to Earth returns.
And Men may broken be, or take much hurt
From Wealth unsanctified by noble use.

Science waits on him ; she is disguised.

Unrest next summoned Science to her side.
Jealous she came, in questionable form ;
Her grace had vanished and her face was hard ;
She stood before him, motionless and stern ;
He felt as though her bony fingers held
A vice-like grip upon his pulsing heart—
The fluttering thing that she would put to sleep
That she might know the *ins* and *outs* of it.

In reply to Science, he speaks of Love.

"The Truth I offer thee," she said, in sharp,
Imperious tone. "Thou wilt do well to serve
"With me alone." His heart rebelled against
Such dictum, and the Voice within—the Soul—
Said, "Fear her not, she is thy friend, do thou
"But offer her thy hand, and speak of Love."
E'en while he thought, her rigid lines relaxed,
She changed like Proteus, was womanly
In gentleness and grace.

**He pleads with Science, that she should be
constant to Love.**

"O! Knowledge! let
"Me take thy hand and bid thee grow in Love.
"With Love at heart no boundaries can restrain
"Thy understanding, for thou feelest all
"That thou would'st know, thou knowest all that thou
"Would'st feel; thy tenderness so exquisite
"A talisman, thou handlest all the wounds
"Of men—of Body and of Mind—in such
"A loving wise as yonder constant Sea,
"With quiet flow, surrounds the rocky shore,
"Till not a stone be left unloved, unloved;
"And, what is more, if thou wilt only love,
"Thou wilt be curious to the hidden Things;
"And whisperings will come, from all thy facts,
"Portentous of the mightier Things to be,
"If thou wilt listen like that simple child
"That holds the sea-shell to surpriséd ear.
"So, be thou faithful in thy search for Truth,
"And ever think of God and Man." She fled:
The dream was past; and he, composed, once more.

**Philosophy enters, muffled and sombre;
he questions her.**

Unrest then ushered in Philosophy
Who wore a tempered smile as wrapped in gloom

She slowly felt her way ; muffled, she stole
 Upon him like the silent Hours that pass
 When man is wrestling hard with inward doubts.
 How fallen from her high estate seemed she !
 " Art come to frighten me, Philosophy ?
 " Art come to mock me in my evil moods ?
 " Thou, too, disguised like Science who has gone ?
 " Surely some evil thing doth misrepresent
 " Thee ! Once I loved thee well, but now thou art
 " A poor imagining, a *Frankenstein*
 " To scare the fool who thinks that thought is all :
 " I love thee not, as thou appearest now ; "

He soliloquises retrospectively.

(" Yet have I known thee masquerade like this
 " In earlier days when I was tempest-tossed ;
 " When baffled, baulked, I felt the very ground
 " Removed from under me and all was dark :
 " Would that again thou couldst assume correct
 " Proportions, be a loving guide to me ! ")

He addresses Philosophy again, and chides her as she makes no reply.

" Heartless, thou, in this guise, wouldst prove how vain
 " A thing is Man, designs and hopes spilt out
 " As water on the ground, his secret mind
 " A charnel-house of unattempted deeds.
 " Thy reverence is but a poor pretence ;
 " Thou see'st no deeper than the outer garb.
 " Nor does thy probing introspection take
 " Thee into Self, with all thy sophistry :
 " The hopes, the fears, the joys that make up Life,
 " Thou knowest not. And honest doubts ? I fear
 " Thy questions are become habitual ;
 " Unto what end ? What good ? Because of what ?
 " Thou sayest—and no answer comes to thee :
 " For Reason is entrench'd behind her walls

"Impregnable, and Love, the Answerer,
 "An entrance is denied ; like him who asked
 "That foolish question by the North Sea shore,
 "Art thou ! who got no answer from the vault
 "Save cold and silent stare from mocking stars :
 "To thy undoing, and undying shame,
 "Such hast thou proved full many times. Hadst thou
 "Not Life, that marvellous gift from God, and saidst
 "'Twas little worth to thee ? Thou wert unwise.
 "Thy lamp is out ; thou hast been dreaming more
 "Than thou could'st understand. When thou dost roam
 "Away from Truth in those wide, unexplored,
 "And speculative fields, keep thou the lamp
 "Of Love alight. Where is thy tenderness,
 "My friend of old ? In such a form I love
 "Thee not ! Why dost thou not remember Love ? "

He lights her Lamp with Love.

She knew he loved her well, and was ashamed.
 "I have been lost," said she, "some awful thoughts
 "Have chilled my Soul—my lamp is out." (She looked
 Appealingly ; compassion crossed his face ;)
 "I had forgot that none might come to thee,
 "Saying they seek the Truth, unless their hearts
 "Go out in Love to all upon this Earth—
 "Unless they hail the Brotherhood of Men ! "
 The horror past, he lights her lamp, and swift
 Her face is radiant with reflected light
 From that devouring flame—the light of Love.

He speaks of the loving employ of Wisdom.

And now a welcome guest, for well he knows
 Philosophy, with Love—the wise at heart—
 Will hold all Truth as born of the Divine ;
 Will find the sense of Oneness at the heart
 Of Things ; will only deal in positives ;
 Have naught to do with nugatories, or

Emasculate neutralities, those poor,
 Pretentious, pseudo-partizans, who find
 No satisfaction in the ordered things,
 Who ape the Laodicean invertebrates
 Who'd hold of neither right nor wrong ; will find
 Eternal harmonies. Her main concern
 Will be to use her knowledge lovingly
 That men may fairly cope with Things opposed,
 And build up sane and everlasting laws ;
 With Love, the spark Divine, or flashing thought,
 Will drive the Reason on to victories ;
 For men will learn to think in principles,
 And, thinking so, will speak so truthfully
 As bringeth peace where it is most required—
 'Mongst bodies politic of all degrees.
 No more will intellectual formulæ
 Be coldly abstract, for the warmth of Love
 Will melt the icy thoughts, as summer sun
 Dissolves the snow on distant mountain range,
 That waters may descend to plains below,
 To gladden man and beast, and decorate
 The vales.

She must never forget that Love is Supreme.

He looked into her happy eyes :
 " Philosophy ! with Love thou art acquaint.
 " Deceive me not ! Those Things that I have thought,
 " Thou knowest to be true. Keep thou thy lamp
 " Alight : Thou mayest be lost if thou forget
 " Again the power of Love ; so fare thee well !
 " At times thou hast forgotten Love,—'twas ill ! "

Poetry, with cheeks aflame, Tempts him.

Then Poetry, the last to tempt him, came
 With happy step, her cheeks aflame, " Come, dance
 " With me ! And we will sing of sunset skies,
 " Of sacred hours, of groves, of rapturous

" And halcyon days, of laughter-loving eyes ;
 " Of all enjoyments that may capture Men ;
 " Thy heart shall beat with mine ; venture with me
 " And leave Unrest behind thee ; I will guard
 " Thee evermore."

**She fails him, and he asks for a Deeper and
 Richer Note.**

Alluring, beautiful,

She failed him ; and she knew it ; standing by,
 Breathless, she hearkened to his reprimand :—
 " E'en Poetry, of Love divest, is weak,
 " A hollow mockery of holy words !
 " Bereft of Love for Man thou art a void ;
 " A rattling of the peas within the skin ;
 " Thy nimble verses, dainty measured feet,
 " May patter prettily in wanton dance,
 " As gracefully as autumn leaves, and yet,
 " Bereft of Love for Man thy songs are dead.
 " Far sweeter music comes from cradled child
 " Than ever comes from verses crammed with Art
 " If they be wrought without the fire from Heaven.
 " Bestir thyself and sing for Love, in Love.
 " This is the measure should control thy Soul.
 " The world most needs a prophet who will sing
 " Of Comradeship in words well understood
 " Of all the Peoples. Love will never fail,
 " Will bring thee joys, and answer all thy needs ;
 " And thou shalt sing of final days replete
 " With reconciliations, when from skies,
 " O'ercast, or azuréd, shall echo praise.

**He bids Poetry experience some great Grief,
 and sing again.**

" Never forget that loving songs inspire
 " To noble deeds the Children of this Earth.
 " Sing on ! Sing on ! Yet let a Love intense
 " Beat time for thee ! I pray thee, go without !

" Experience some great sorrow, and return
 " Uplift, with nobler song, and thou shalt come
 " To my great heart ! Again, I pray thee, go ! "
 So Poetry withdrew, and wondered why pure charm
 Of rhyme and verse should be so impotent.

**The Sisters having gone, Unrest leaves, seeing
that he is protected by Love.**

Dismissed, the Sisters Three, he cried aloud
 " I need ye all ! Come back ! But go ye first
 " Your diverse ways till, reconciled in Love
 " For Man, ye offer purer joys to me ! "
 Seeing his mind secured from hurtful things
 Behind the shield of Love, and made more proof,
 Well nigh invulnerable, 'gainst assault,
 Unrest arose, and gathering up the folds
 Of that embroidered, sable gown, bedecked
 With Souls of those whom she had erst destroyed,
 Swept from his ken.

Life is a Light, Greater or Less.

He wins his way yet sees

The evil in his heart ; humility
 Compels acknowledgment of basenesses.
 The meaner lives are but comparative—
 There is no Death—are but the smaller lights ;
 There is no darkness of the night while there
 Be Life ; and Life may be a psalm of Love.
 Upheld by grace, he feels for all, partakes
 Of all—the very whore upholds his scheme ;
 No thing—no person—but a tribute brings.
 Though so assertive and pronounced, he knows
 But for that grace and spiritual strength,
 Derivéd from the central fire, he might
 Be sunk, a child of bitterness, hell-like
 Designed, and only fit for treason 'gainst
 His nobler Self. The Soul knows all, responds,

Meets all ; and in this struggle 'gainst the Flesh
The Spirit conquers.

**He would answer his Ideals more Singly
and Devotedly.**

Sweetest songs arise :

He serves the Light revealed to him, on Love
Reliant, conscious of himself ; the Light
Serves him and shews him to himself.
Renewed and strengthened, he is now resolved
Upon an outward Life in consonance
With his ideals consummate. Deny
Himself, he will, and be more meet to prove
The Spirit's needs.

The Spirit-Voices bid him speak fearlessly.

The Voices call again :—

“ Be thou thyself, the Spirit of all good
“ Is at thy beck—he seeks thee here and now.
“ Thy voice is sorely needed—Go thou ! Pierce
“ The babel-sounds of Earth and tell of Love,
“ And beauty, and of harmony and worth,
“ Of sacrifice ! Speak out ! and thou shalt find
“ More than thou seekest ! We, the Spirit-Friends,
“ Who hasten to assist all those who love
“ Their fellows, will be at thy side and find
“ Thee many stirring words : so fear thou not ! ”

His Voice rings with Sincerity.

He heard ; his doubts dispelled, he spoke ; he found
More than he dreamed ; won more than gave. Thus sought
He rest obtainable from loving toil,
And found it ; now, projected, he is ours.
He is no trafficker in airy phrase,
No trifling versifier skimming o'er
The lettered music ; there be iron words
That clutch—that give Men pain—as though the claws

Of taloned letters fix on Men and rend,
 And will not be denied—that drag out thought.
 He also speaks of victories of the Soul,
 Of orders carried out, of things well done.

Even now, He is our Comrade.

We touch him as we read, his hand holds ours ;
 His great heart opens to receive us all,
 To help us all, yet, in his heart of hearts
 A solitary ; thus it is with each :
 (Though thou possess a World thou art alone,
 And, individual, thou livest through
 Thy Life on that illimitable Sea,
 Whereon, at times, where sky and water meet,
 There is no sign of haven, home, or hope.)

His Aspirations are Thine and Mine.

His speech but breaks the silences within,
 And echoes through the unexploréd caves ;
 The plummet sinks the deeper into Self ;
 He sounds the abyss—his words are not one half
 Of what he feels and knows—and what he said
 Is thine, and what he missed is thine, and mine ;
 Behind the mask, behind the lettered page,
 There is a thing thou canst not hold nor touch
 Nor grasp (no more could he) ; behind that mask
 (A mask, because the whole is never said,
 Speech being fractional and incomplete),
 Of words is ever his own trembling Soul,
 Elusive, shadowy, yet absolute,
 Associate with the power that holds the keys
 Of that wide door or narrow gate, (towards which
 Thou wendest ever, knowing it, or not,)—
 A Soul that wonders, questions, fears, yet knows
 That Death begins, not ends.

He fears the ME may perish.

But, fearing lest
The ME—Himself—be unpreserved, sponged out,
Obliterated, when the passing comes,
He reasons with himself in living words :—

Surely Love will Conquer All.

“ Surely the Love I have for Men is given
“ Of God, will keep me near to Him ! Surely
“ The Love I have, of which I speak, in part
“ So bluntly, should dispose your Life and mine !

Love is the Law of Life.

“ O Friends ! Companions in this vale ! Stand by
“ The Truth ! Pour out yourselves in loving thought
“ And sacrifice ! What Men have said is true ;
“ What Men have thought is true ; the Poet’s dream
“ Is true ; Love cometh back ; it to the fount
“ Returns. Nor word nor deed that born of Love
“ But is as to thyself. Be not afraid ;
“ There is no loss of Love ; it is the Blood
“ Of Life and comprehendeth all—it moves
“ All Men towards God, encompasseth the World.
“ Thou givest, and receiv’st an hundredfold ;
“ This is the Law of Life—to give—to spend,
“ To sacrifice—and else, not Life, all would
“ Be dead. This Death, that binds us up so close
“ In widely-gathered garnered sheaves, should but
“ Reflect the nearness of our Lives on Earth—
“ And yet how far we force ourselves apart
“ By greed, injustice, selfishness and crime.
“ The powers of Life are common to our race,
“ And each his various parts to do, and not
“ To do—and each his gifts, his power to give
“ To others what is best, or to deny
“ His Soul, and offer the poor outer husk.

"To each his joys when pulse is quick and Flesh
 "Runs riot—each the spiritual joy—
 "The counter-joy—when Soul meets Soul, when from
 "Each one goes out some fluid atmosphere
 "Creating finer thoughts and dreams than words
 "Can e'er express—bringing a sense of deep,
 "Significant existences. The best
 "Is never said : the Spirit, not controlled,
 "Escaping from thy lower Self, gaily
 "Adventures forth, fears nothing, simply knows."

**He Questions, though his Faith be founded
on Love.**

From this a Faith—there must be more beyond :
 Are all the hopes and fears of Men as naught ?
 Is there no message from the core of Things ?
 Are our best selves to vanish in mid-air ?
 Be thrown off from this circling Earth to die
 Like scattered sparks that flee the anvil's side ?
 Is Life an entrance to another World
 More meet for those who use Time well,—
 The Time that owns Eternity at will ?

He is Grateful for all that he Feels.

(And yet, if all these things be lost at Death,
 Thy quest should be the same, my friend—a search
 For those who need thy voice, thy hand, thy Love.)
 Be thankful that thou feelest all thou dost.
 Thy Soul desireth and insisteth much,
 Will bear thee forward. So, hope on ! hope on !
 With naught but that strong will to call thine own,
 And that resigned to Him who has the power.

He bids Souls adventure with him.

By reason of his Faith, he bids us share
 Adventures with him on the Seas of God—
 A passage fraught with joys unspeakable.

He throws his inmost Self upon the screen,
 Invites his readers to rejoice with him
 And sing the ecstasies of Things perceived—
 Those hidden Things known only to the Soul.
 Thou canst have commune with the loftiest peaks,
 But it is thine to climb those heights, because
 Of that Divine design that lies deep down
 At Yggdrasil's entangled ancient roots.
 Throughout a purpose, an attempt to do
 The Will of the Divine ; not losing Faith
 By failure, clinging still unto his God,
 His country and himself ; nay, drawing-in
 All nations and all units to assert
 That what was best in him was given of God ;
 He pleads that he has striven and done his best.
 The Messages—the Voices from within,
 Not heard, but felt and irresistible,
 Were from the loving Spirit of all Good ;
 And but for these, e'en Life itself had been
 A lying dream, a travesty of thoughts.

**He prays that his Faith may ever remain ; and
 welcomes Death.**

" Whatever else may go, take not away from me—
 " Take not away from me—that *quenchless Faith*
 " *In plan of Thee enclosed in Time and Space,*
 " Or else the World were scorïæ."
 He casts himself into the Eternal arms,
 Reposeful ; for ' *Thou knowest* '—thus his cry,
 ' *Thou knowest* ' all my trials for the right,
 My weaknesses, my victories, my defeats :
 Then at Life's night—*thee, holiest minister*
Of Heaven—sweet, welcome, peaceful Death !

EPILOGUE.

And ere Death come to equalise all things,
 His words supply the answers that I need ;
 I am surrounded by so vast conceits
 That even thought is drowned and prophecies
 Retire. I dream of Things concluded, fixed,
 Irrevocably sure ; 'tis only Love
 That can, through active processes Divine,
 Secure the roads to that far distant point
 Where lines shall meet and parallels be lost,
 Where Poetry will glorify the least,
 And Science bear the fragrance of the rose :
 Because her roots are watered by the Love
 That comes from Wisdom cleanséd by the heart.
 The end will not be at thy poor desire,
 Whether thou play thy part of Man or not,
 Thou canst not stay the finger on that disc—
 The Dial of the Eternal Purposes.
 Go ! Try ! and thou wilt hurt thy foolish Self !
 Yet 'tis thy power to hinder or promote
 The highest Good that sweeps resistlessly
 Along the ages, bearing impulses
 From æons whence no human voice has come.
 Know then ! the time will come when Poetry,
 With Sister's Science and Philosophy,
 Shall be as One. Forgetting Love, a World
 Will blunder onwards, miss the nearest way,
 And, blind, will suffer more of pain and grief
 Than is becoming to His processes.
 One thing begets another ; light evolves
 From darkness, joy from pain ; and good
 Or bad unfold—as well we know. But ours
 It is to hold the good : the cosmic Whole
 By one vast law which knows no boundaries
 Can only be disclosed to thee by LOVE.

Wind-seekers in the Hebridean Seas.

Some Extracts from Press Notices.

"The splendour of the Inner Hebrides and of the west coast of the mainland have been the theme of more than one writer; and yet Mr. Hartley's book comes upon one as entirely fresh. . . . The manner and the matter alike please. . . .

"The cruising party number six, and Mr. Hartley gives delightful little passages in which are depicted at once the virtues and the pleasing weaknesses of each. In a word, the book reads like a romance, brightened with thought, perception, and humour."—*The Scotsman*.

"If your worried mind is in need of quiet refreshment wherein you can chew the cud of meditation on men and things, and at the same time imagine yourself face to face with nature, read the 'Wind-Seekers in the Hebridean Seas.' . . .

"'I make no doubt,' quotes the author, 'but it shall often befall me to speak of things which are better and with more truth handled by such as are craftsmasters'—but he needs no such apology, for in every line you find the calmed soul relieved of the falsity and fight of city life, drawing in whiffs of clean air and refined thought. Now and then he lets the poet in him run riot into the sunlight and the breeze. . . . He is a philosopher, too, when he is not lurching windless in perilous situations."—*Manchester Courier*.

"It is certainly not a common book. The style alone would redeem it from commonness—crisp, fresh, and clear, with no disfigurement of purple passages. . . . Its substance is what gives it distinction. This has nothing of a guide book character—though it abounds in bits of vivid description. It is 'the harvest of the seeing eye,' enriched from the contents of an alert and well-cultivated mind. Its charm lies in the way the author is able to make you seize his point of view, and see with him (through a haze of kindly humour) the features or foibles of his companions, and sympathise with the swift turns of his own private feeling or reflection. . . . So it is that the book, as one reads, ceases to be an object of criticism, and takes its place among those 'books of the heart' which one keeps on a shelf near at hand, that one may often renew the pleasant taste of them. And this being so, Mr. Hartley, we think, is not astray in his hope that what he has written may be a means at least of 'refreshment'—especially to those whom he has most in mind, his 'business brothers.' Some, as he fears, may deem it 'folly,' but not anyone who can come into touch with the soul of his book."—*British Weekly*.

A PHILOSOPHER AFLOAT.

"We have enjoyed this good book. . . . The book's the thing here. Mr. Hartley . . . is a man of wide reading and much remembrance in things literary. Hence he graces with a reflected literary charm in addition to his own. . . . Bent in search of pleasure and sane reflection, he finds many quiet corners for thoughtful mental browsing, through which extends his under-thread of humour, in itself so fine that one now and then loses it without knowing of the change. Not owing to the gentle thoughts which these reflections call into play, do we miss that thread till it suddenly reappears with a faint dash of unwonted colour, to fine off once more into the disappearing. In fact, these philosophic cogitations . . . travel from the cook and less important things of the yawl to abstract ethics of life, many of them being started or eked out by quotations always pertinent to the topic, from men so widely dissimilar as Thoreau, Walt Whitman, Browne, Scott, Darwin, and others. Thus it will be seen that the book would be a fine companion to any similar minded man."—*London Daily Chronicle*.

A BREEZY BOOK.

"When the reader comes to catch the spirit of the book it makes itself felt in a two-fold sense. . . . Throughout these pages there runs a vein of suggestion and thought that becomes more and more bracing as the pages are turned over. Mr. Augustine Birrell's 'Obiter Dicta,' and George Eliot's 'Theophrastus Such' come to mind as one reads some of the crisp sentences in this new book. Dry humour every now and again comes up to the surface, and the best of Jerome K. Jerome's work is recalled."—*The British Congregationalist*.

"The book has the kind of charm which comes of a naive attitude, and a tendency to regard the most everyday experiences as though they were adventures, the like of which had never before been met with ordinary men."—*Standard*.

FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD.

"He chases away thoughts on the burdens of life, and aptly presents the quiet pleasures of mental enjoyment and spiritual repose, restful and satisfying, in that region near the Edge of Things. . . . 'Wind-seekers' is a tonic to the brain worker and the city artisan."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle*.

LOCH, HILL, AND GLEN.

"He writes in the meditating mood of a philosopher, with a calm outlook on life, and with a quiet appreciation of the humorous aspect of things." . . . —*Manchester City News*.

"The author provides some picturesque writing of men and things. . . . The company on the yacht . . . have afforded Mr. Hartley an opportunity for the exercise of his wit and the play of his good humour."—*Dundee Advertiser*.

"There is some very good descriptive writing and Mr. Hartley used both his eyes and ears to good purpose as he sailed by the rock tower of Canna, stumbled along the rough shores of Coruisk, or gazed down into the emerald waters of Lock Nevis. Unlike most English tourists he took with him to the Hebrides a mind stored with historical and literary associations, and with a considerable amount of accurate botanical and geographical knowledge. Add to this that he possesses considerable felicity of style, and it will be seen that Mr. Hartley's book forms not only an interesting and readable record of his own experiences, but a valuable *vade mecum* to the future traveller."—*Glasgow Herald*.

ALMOST AS GOOD AS A HOLIDAY.

" 'Myself' was—murder will out—much more of an artist, literary and otherwise, than the average holiday guest afloat. So it has come about that 'Wind-seekers' deserves a front place among holiday books. In Mr. Hartley's most enjoyable company—we never met him before, and at home he may possibly be the most matter-of-fact Cottonopolists—we have lived again our Hebridean best. 'Wind-seekers' is a refreshing piece, and is almost as good as a holiday."—*The Literary World*.



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